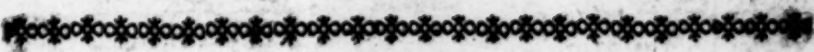


SONGS, CHORUSSES, &c.

IN THE

MAID of the OAKS.



SONGS, CHORUSES, &c.

THE FIRST PART

SONGS, CHORUSES, &c.

IN THE

MAID OF THE OAKS

SONGS, CHORUSSES, &c.

I N T H E

PASTORAL ENTERTAINMENT

O F T H E

MAID of the OAKS.

K AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. BECKET, the Corner of the Adelphi,
in the Strand. 1774.

[Price 6d.]

ADVERTISING



43.

6.

225.

ADVERTISEMENT.

CONSIDERABLE parts of the poetry, musick, and scenery, of the Maid of the Oaks, have been taken (by permission) from an entertainment given by a noble Lord, last summer: And the pleasure with which they were received, by a numerous and polite company, affords a flattering expectation of their success upon the stage.

As to the piece, into which these parts are now introduced, and which bears no reference to the entertainment alluded to, it is the first attempt of the author in dramatic writing, and he submits it to the judgement and candour of the public, with the diffidence natural to his situation.

There are two Songs, one sung
in the First Act by Mr. Moody,
and the other by Mr. Vernon in
the Fifth, which are here omitted,
as such kind of Songs lose their
Effect, when they are known be-
fore they are sung.

The singing Characters in the Maid of the Oaks.

M E N.

Mr. VERNON,
Mr. BANNISTER,
Mr. DAVIES,
Mr. FAWCETT, and Others.

W O M E N.

Mrs. SMITH,
Mrs. WRIGHTEN,
Mrs. SCOTT, and Others.

Mrs. BADDELEY has likewise a Song
in Character.

the singing of the Ode

And of the Ode

SONS

THE SONS

THE SONS

THE SONS

THE SONS

WOMEN

THE SONS

THE SONS

THE SONS

THE SONS

THE SONS

SONGS, &c.

A C T II.

SONG. By Mrs. BADDELEY.

I.

COME sing round my favourite tree,
Ye songsters that visit the grove;
'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me;
And the bark is a record of love.

II.

Reclin'd on the turf, by my side,
He tenderly pleaded his cause;
I only with blushes replied,
And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.

DA CAPO.

Come sing round, &c.

B

SONG.

S O N G.

To a favourite Air of ROUSSEAU.

By Mr. VERNON, and Mrs. SMITH.

Mr. VERNON.

Hither ye swains with dance and song,
 Join your bands in sportive measure ;
 Hither ye swains with dance and song,
 Merrily, merrily, trip it along :
 'Tis holliday, lads, from the cares of your tillage,
 Life, health, and joy, to the Lord of the village.
 Scenes of delight,
 Round you invite,
 Harmony, beauty, love, and pleasure.

*Hither ye swains, with dance and song,
 Join your bands in sportive measure ;
 Hither ye swains, &c.*

Mrs. SMITH.

Hither ye nymphs, and scatter around,
 Every sweet the spring discloses ;
 Hither ye nymphs and scatter them round,
 With the bloom of the hour enamel the ground :
 The feast of the day is devoted to beauty,
 Sorrow is treason, and pleasure a duty.
 Love shall preside,
 Sovereign guide,
 Fetter his wings with links of roses.

*Hither ye nymphs, and scatter around,
 Every sweet the spring discloses ;
 Hither ye nymphs, &c.*

BOTH.

(H.)

BOTH.

Lasses and lads, with dance and song,
Join your hands in sportive measure;
Lasses and lads, with dance and song,
Merrily, merrily trip it along:
An hour of youth is worth ages of reason,
'Tis the sunshine of life, take the gift of the season,
Scenes of delight,
Round you invite,
Harmony, beauty, love, and pleasure.

CHORUS of SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES.

*Lasses and lads, with dance and song,
Join your hands in sportive measure;
Lasses and lads, with dance and song,
Merrily, merrily, trip it along.*

B 2

SONG.

A C T IV.

S O N G.

By Mr. VERNON, Mrs. SMITH, &c.

Mrs. SMITH.

Breezes that attend the spring,
Bear the sound on rosy wing;
Waft the swelling notes away,
'Tis Maria's wedding day.

CHORUS, *of female voices.*

Spread the tidings o'er the plain,
Call around each maid and swain,
Dress'd in garlands fresh and gay,
'Tis Maria's bridal day.

Mr. VERNON.

Hence suspicion, envy, strife,
Ev'ry ill that poisons life,
Skulking vice, and specious art,
All that spoils, or cheats the heart,

CHORUS, *of men.*

Here the chastened loves invite,
Harmless dalliance, pure delight,
Choral sonnet, festive play,
'Tis Maria's bridal day;

Mrs.

VI Mr. VERNON.

Plenty come with ceaseless hoard,
Mirth to crown the evening board,
Truth the nuptial bed to guard,
Joy and peace, its bright reward,

Mrs. SMITH.

But the chief invited guest,
Health in rosy mantle drest,
Come, and with the lengthen'd stay,
Make her life a bridal day.

CHORUS.

*Spread the tidings o'er the plain,
Call around each maid and swain,
Dress'd in garlands fresh and gay,
'Tis Maria's bridal day.*

A HUNTING SONG.

By Mrs. WRIGHTEN,

In the CHARACTER of DIANA.

I.

Come rouse from your trances,
The fly morn advances,
To catch sluggish mortals in bed,
Let the horn's jocund note,
In the wind sweetly float,
While the fox from the brake lifts his head,
Now creeping,
Now peeping,
The fox from the brake lifts his head:
Each away to his steed,
Your Goddess shall lead,
Come follow, my worshippers, follow;
For the chace all prepare,
See the hounds snuff the air,
Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet hollow!

Hark,

II.

Hark Jowler, hark Rover,
 See Reynard breaks cover,
 The hunters fly over the ground,
 Now they skim o'er the plain,
 Now they dart down the lane,
 And the hills, woods, and vallies resound;
 With dashing,
 And splashing,
 The hills, woods, and vallies resound :
 Then away with full speed,
 Your Goddess shall lead,
 Come follow, my worshippers, follow ;
 O'er hedge, ditch, and gate,
 If you stop your too late,
 Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet hollow !

CHORUS.

*Then away with full speed,
 Your Goddess shall lead,
 Come follow, my worshippers, follow ;
 O'er hedge, ditch, and gate,
 If you stop your too late,
 Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet hollow !*

S O N G.

A C T V.

S O N G.

By Mr. DAVIES, and Mrs. SMITH.

Mrs. SMITH.

Simon, why so lost in wonder,
At these folk of high degree?
If they're finer, we are fonder,
Love is wealth to you and me.

Mr. DAVIES.

Phoebe stop, and learn more duty,
We're too lowly here to please:
Oh, how splendor brightens beauty!
Who'd not wish to be like these?

Mrs. SMITH.

Prithee, Simon, cease this gazing,
They're deceitful, as they're fair.

Mr. DAVIES.

But their looks are all so pleasing,
Phoebe how can I forbear,

SONG.

Mrs. SMITH.

Simon, stop, and learn more duty,

Mr. DAVIES.

Honest freedom can't displease;

DUETTO.

HE. Riches give *new* charms to beauty.

SHE. Riches give *no* charms to beauty.

HE. *Who'd not* wish to be like these?

SHE. *Who won'd* wish to be like these?

SONG. BY MR. VERNON.

SONG.

* S O N G.

By Mrs. SMITH.

I.

O Simon, simple Simon, know,
The finest garments cover woe,
The outside glitter, never tells,
The grief of heart, that inward dwells;

II.

We rustic folk so true and plain,
Shall ne'er allure the light and vain,
Whate'er *without* our fortune wears,
Within no pang our bosom tears.

III.

O Simon, simple Simon, know,
That lack of wealth is lack of woe,
Then homeward go, and let us prove,
The greatest bliss, content with love,

• This song is omitted in the representation.

A COMIC SONG. By Mr. VERNON.

SONG.

* S O N G.

By Mr. BANNISTER.

Beauty breaks the magic spell,
 Her pow'r can ev'ry pow'r subdue,
 Can charm the Druid from his cell,
 To revel and rejoice with you !
 What cannot beauty, spotless beauty do ?

No mortal pow'r our bliss invades,
 Nor pierces thro' our hallow'd shades ;
 Celestial beauty we obey.
 Upward our song shall wing its way
 Echo repeat the virtuous lay,
 And heav'n and earth make holiday !

}

* The above will be spoken, and not sung.

C H O R U S.

Beauty breaks the magic spell,
 Her pow'r can every pow'r subdue ;
 Can charm the *Druid* from the cell,
 What cannot spotless beauty do ?

DUETTO.

D U E T T O,

By Mr. VERNON and Mrs. SMITH.

Grace and strength of Britain's isle,
Mayst thou long thy glories keep,
Make her hills with verdure smile,
Bear her triumphs o'er the deep.

V A U D E V I L L E.

I.

Ye fine fangled folks, who from cities and courts,
By your presence enliven the fields,
Accept for your welcome, our innocent sports,
And the fruits that our industry yields.
No temple we raise to the idol of wealth,
No altar to interest smokes,
To the blessing of love, kind seasons and health,
Is devoted the Feast of the Oaks.

From

II.

From the thicket and plain, each favourite haunt;
The villagers hasten away,
Your encouraging smile is the bounty they want,
To compensate the toils of the day;
The milk maid abandons her pail and her cow;
In the furrow, the plowman unyokes,
From the valley and meadow all press to the brow,
To assist at the Feast of the Oaks.

III.

The precept we teach is contentment and truth,
That our girls may not learn to beguile,
By reason to govern the pleasures of youth,
And decorate age with a smile;
No serpent approaches with venomous tooth,
No raven with ominous croaks,
Nor rancorous critick, more fatal than both,
Shall poison the Feast of the Oaks.

Bring

IV.

Bring roses, and myrtles, new circlets to weave,
 Ply the flutes in new measures to move,
 And lengthen the song to the star of the eve;
 The favouring planet of love.
 Oh Venus! propitious attend to the lay,
 Each shepherd the blessing invokes;
 May he who is true, like the youth of to-day,
 Find a prize like the Maid of the Oaks!

A GRAND DANCE,

By Mr. SLINGSBY,

Mr. ATKINS, Signior COMO, Mr. GIORGI,
 Signiora CRESPI, Mrs. SUTTON,

Signiora H. I D O U,

And Others.

F I N I S.